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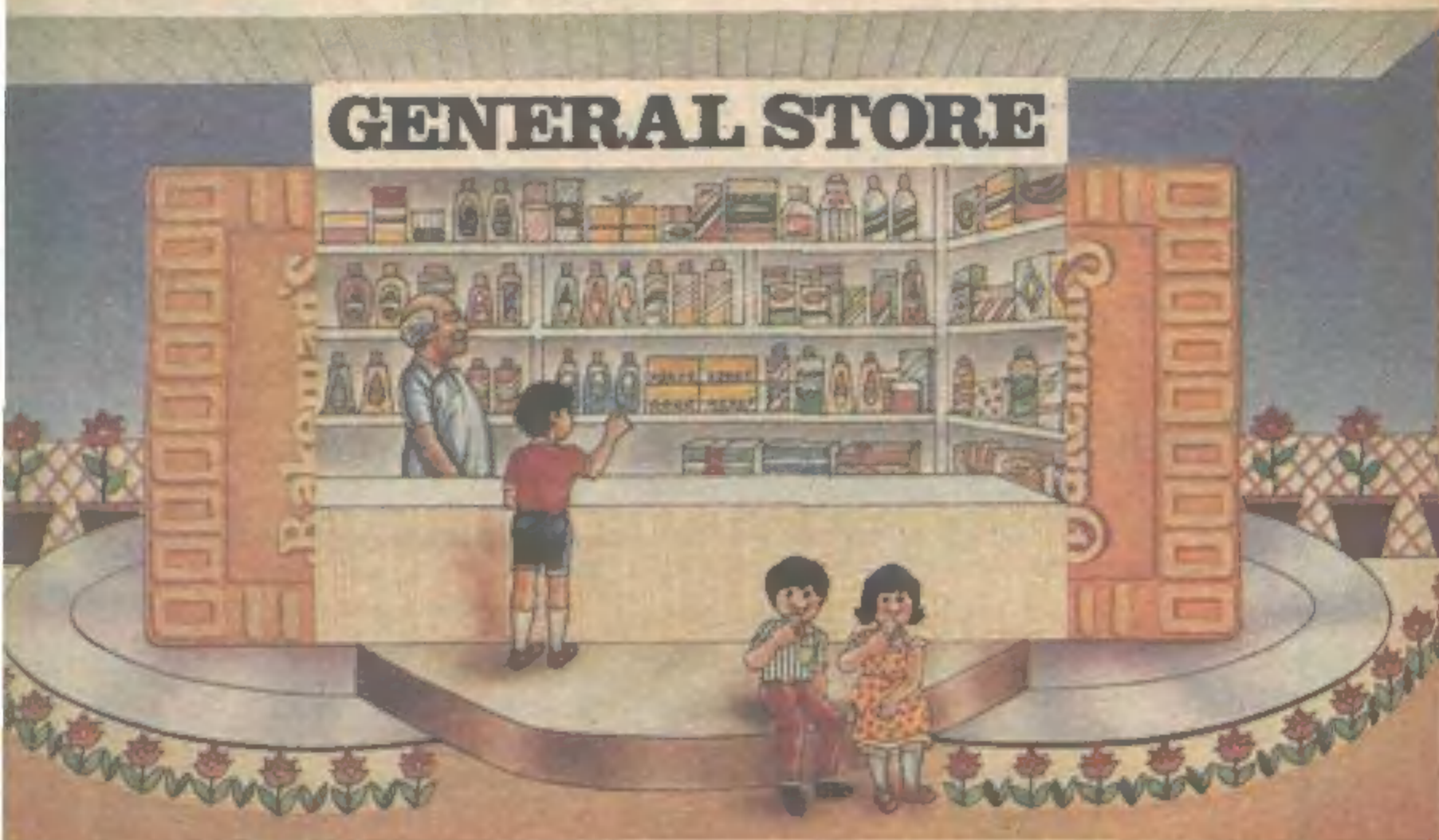
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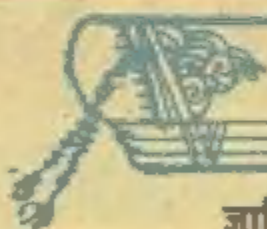
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* *BIRTH OF THE BUDDHA* : The Prince of Kapilavastu who is to become the Teacher of the World.

* *THE GOLDEN ANKLETS* : The great story of Silappadikaram through pictures.

* The fabulous jester, Tenali Rama, tickles you with another of his adventures in ideas.

* An interesting legend of India, Towards Better English, a bunch of absorbing stories, General Knowledge, answers to your questions and more.



GOLDEN WORDS OF YOKE

ज्ञातिभिर्वन्द्यते नैव चोरेणापि न नीयते ।
दाने नैव क्षयं याति विद्यारत्नं महाधनम् ॥

*Jnatibhirvanyate naiva chorenapi na neeyate
Dane naiva kshayam yati vidyaratnam mahadhanam*

There is one wealth, shares of which cannot be claimed by kinsmen. Neither thieves can steal it nor it is ever reduced by others getting it from you. This wealth is learning—the best of all kinds of wealth.

Printed by B.V. REDDI at ~~Printed~~ Process Private Ltd., 188 N.S.K. Salai, Madras 600 026 (India) and published by
■ VISWANATHA REDDI on behalf of CHANDAMAMA PUBLICATIONS, Chandamama Buildings, Vadapalani, Madras 600 026 (India).

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Controlling Editor :
NAGI REDDI
Founder :
CHAKRAPANI

WE ARE CHILDREN OF NATURE

A true student is he for whom this wide world is the school. Nature teaches more than the human beings can, provided we observe and adore Nature.

The civilised world is waking up to this fact today—though rather late. Man has already destroyed many ancient forests and even hills. This is a sad state of affairs.

However, it is never too late to correct a mistake. Those among our readers who are students can use their summer holidays to educate the people around them about the value of preserving Nature. Man must not be alienated from Nature.

Thoughts to be Treasured

Faith is not a delicate flower which would wither away under the slightest stormy weather.

—Mahatma Gandhi



They're not identical twins
Can you spot the difference?



ANSWERS: Handyboy on the right has:
(a) a sock (b) a patch on his cheek
(c) a strip on his knee
(d) 4 perforations on strip on his thumb
(e) 1 less stripe on his shirt

The friendlier strip!



For you and your friends to cut out and keep.

HTA 2042



NEWS FLASH



HOW MOHENJODARO WAS DESTROYED

We all know about the ancient city of Mohenjodaro, but nobody knows how this city was destroyed. The latest theory is put forward by a Russian scientist, M. Dimitriev. He says that a terrible chemical explosion destroyed it, but this was a rare natural calamity, an outcome of collision between different kinds of atoms in the atmosphere.

NEW CORAL ISLAND

A coral island about the size of four tennis courts has emerged from the sea, some 40 nautical miles northeast of Kudat in the east Malaysian state of Sabah.



MAN'S BEST FRIEND

A farmer went into forest in Sri Lanka with his two dogs and accidentally died. While one dog sat guard on his master's dead body, the other one ran to the village and through continuous barking and running drew the members of the family to the spot.

THE QUEEN'S JEWELLERY

A piece of jewellery that adorned Queen Nefertiti, wife of Pharaoh Rameses the Great, was found lying under layers of dust inside the 3200-year old ruined tomb of this Egyptian queen.



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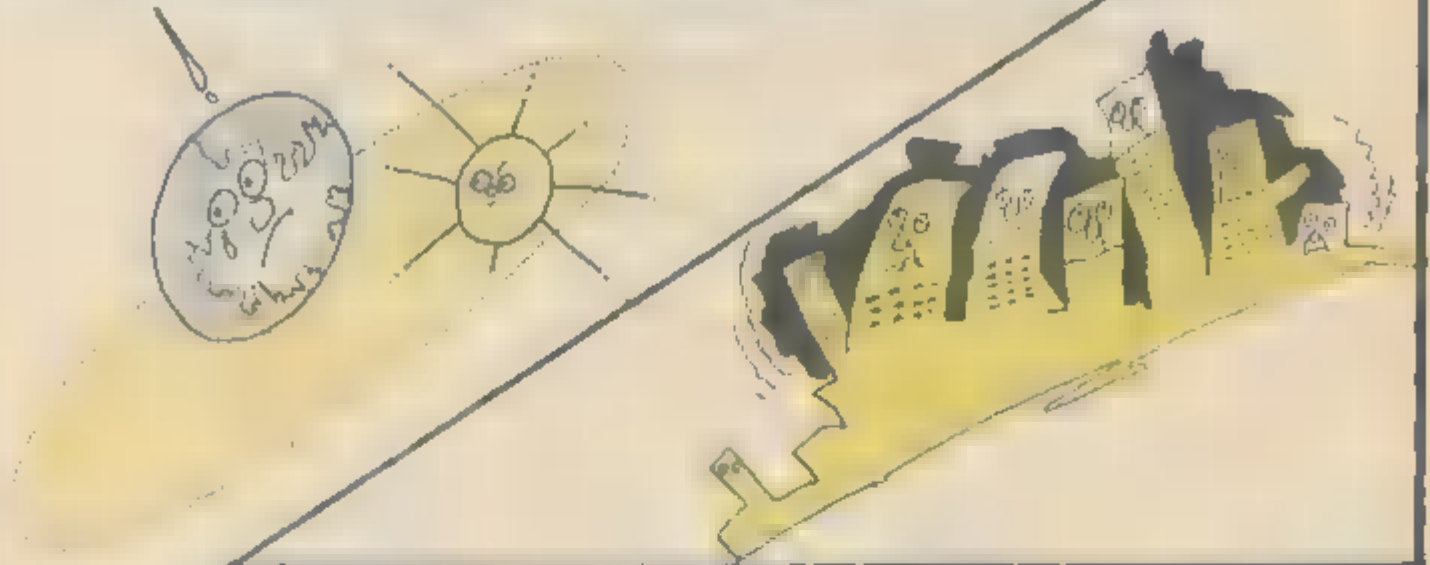
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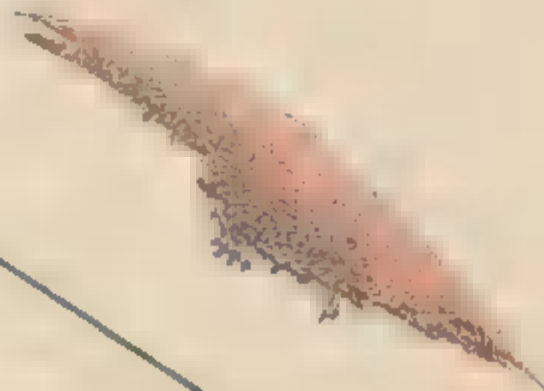
Ninety-nine per cent of the different forms of life that have been created on earth from the origin of life are by now extinct.




In 1947 an object from the space struck a deserted region of Siberia. It was so forceful that any of our big cities would have been totally destroyed had it struck one.

DID YOU KNOW?

The Purna (full) Kumbha Mela that takes place once every twelve years is the world's largest religious gathering.



Lucknow, the capital of Uttar Pradesh is believed to derive its name from Lakshmanarati, celebrating the memory of Lakshmana, the younger brother of Rama.



*Twinkle, twinkle little Gems,
How I wonder what's in them
Up above the world so high,
Like little diamonds in the sky*

GEMS

Fun to play with, fun to eat.

GEMS



STORY OF

BUDDHA

—By Manoj Das

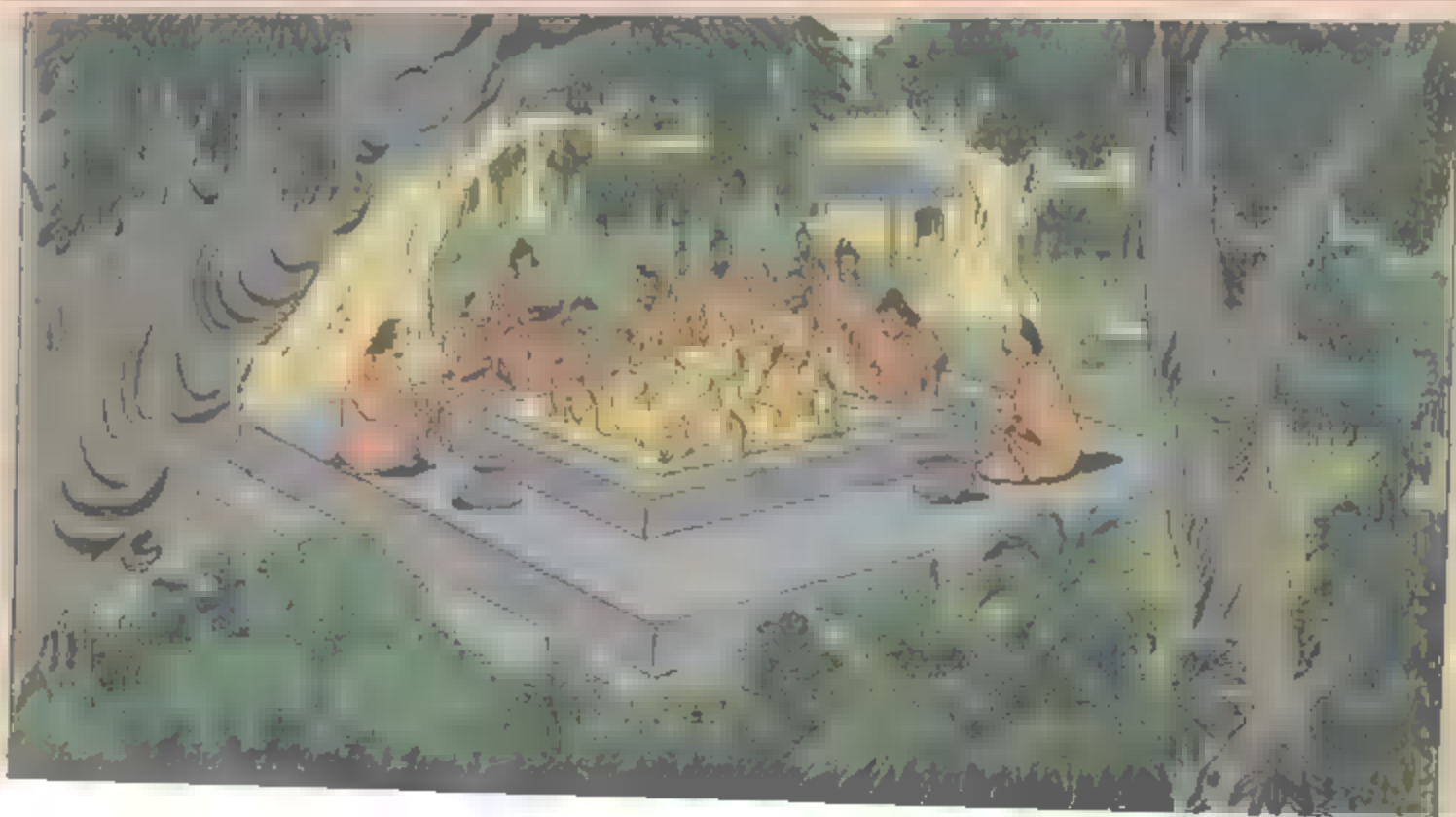
HOW KAPILAVASTU WAS FOUNDED

India was so different two thousand five hundred years ago! There were numerous kingdoms though they were all parts of Bharatavarsha or Jumbudvipa. The people were united by some broad cultural traits, spiritual ideals and faith, in spite of the fact that they were ruled by different kings. The Vedas and the Upanishads were held in esteem all over the country, from Kanyakumari to Kashmir.

While some of the states were

ruled by hereditary kings, others were ruled by assemblies elected by the people. Some states had both kings and assemblies.

India then abounded in forests and vast stretches of empty lands. A valiant man commanding some following could establish a new kingdom. Many dynasties rose to prominence through their adventures and conquests; many also fell because some others proved superior to them in courage or



prowess.

Kings and commoners, generally speaking, were straightforward and truthful, though like the people of any age and of any country, they were not always right in their actions.

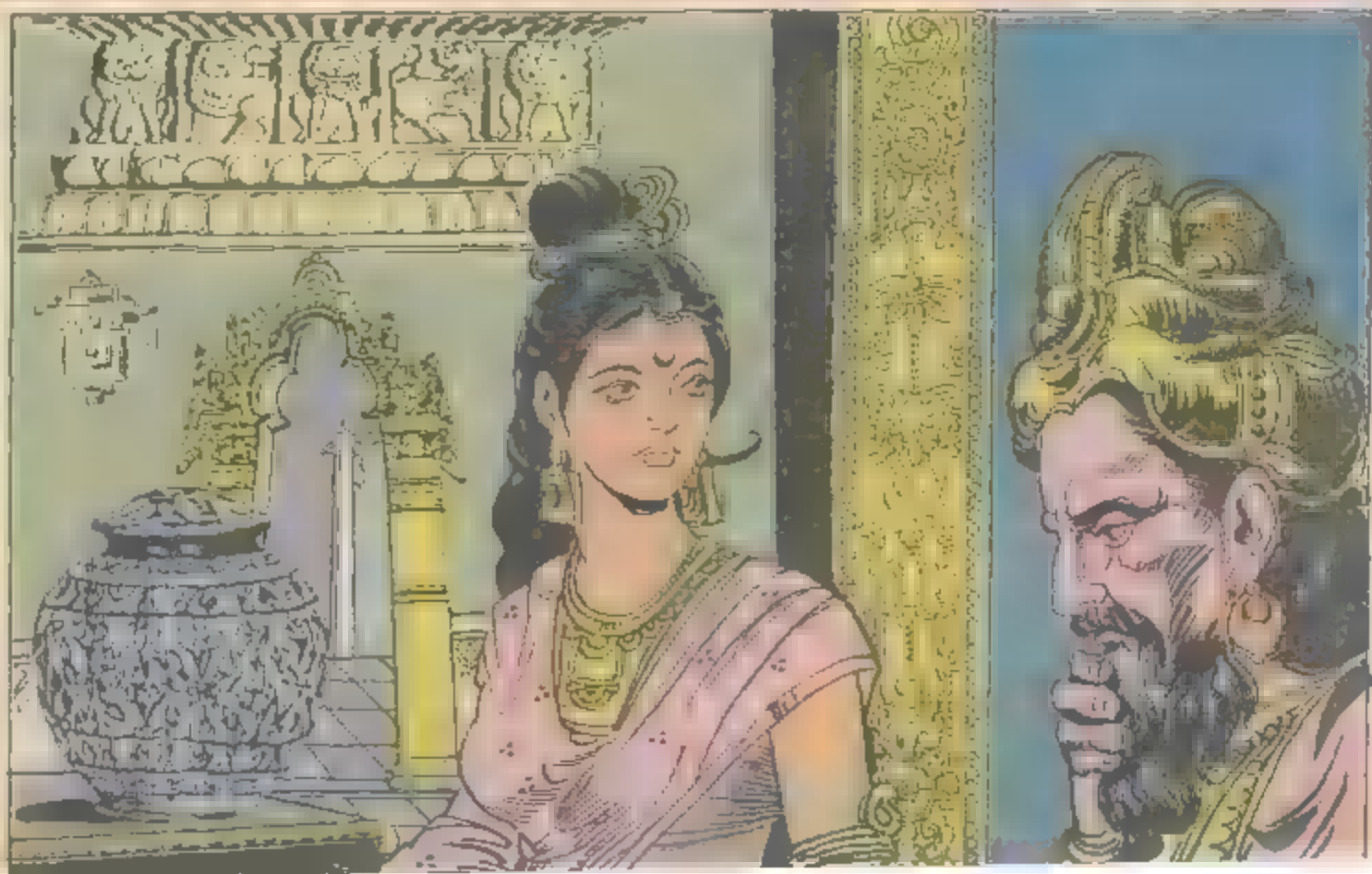
And King Okkaka of the Sakya clan who ruled over a small kingdom from the city of Saketa, certainly did not do a right thing when he promised to his youngest queen that he will grant her anything she wanted to have. The king had been delighted to see the bonny male child to which the beautiful queen had given birth.

King Okkaka had to soon face a situation which was not

quite different from the one faced by an illustrious king of an earlier generation, Dasharatha. The youngest queen returned to him and demanded that he choose her son as the heir to his throne! She had been counselled by her friends and flatterers to make this unjust demand.

The king did his best to make her withdraw the demand, but in vain. "Should you fail to grant me my wish, which you had promised to grant, you will darken the reputation of the Sakya Kshatriyas who are revered for steadfastness," said the queen.

The remorseful king at last sent for his four elder sons, the



children of the senior queens, and told them all about the problem he faced. "Take with you all my treasure and as many soldiers, elephants and horses you wish to take. Some of my ministers too can accompany you. March into the wide world and find a land to rule. Should you return and claim this kingdom after I am dead and gone, that will be a matter to be settled between the new king and yourselves," he said.

It is difficult to say what was the immediate reaction of the elder princes to their father's strange instruction. But they decided to abide by it. They left the kingdom.

They had with them an army big and capable enough to conquer any small kingdom in the neighbourhood. But they were not ambitious. "Why should we usurp someone's property? We can very well live humbly and earn our living through toil. Let us locate some good, unclaimed land," they said.

For days they travelled through the regions at the foot of the Himalayas. They came to a halt on the banks of the sweet river Rohini, ■ tributary of the great river Tapti. There the



forest looked charming and peaceful. They felt that there was something very special about the place.

They camped there. Before long they knew why the place was so attractive to them. It had at its centre the hermitage of a great sage, Kapila. His spiritual power and compassion could be markedly felt all over the area. The princes met the sage and told him all about their plight. The sage welcomed them. "You can live here in peace and build ■ city. That will become the capital of ■ new kingdom," he said.

The princes were delighted.

They named the place Kapilavastu—the land of Kapila.

The princes posted their soldiers around a vast area and proclaimed it as their state. While the eldest brother became the ruler of Kapilavastu, the other three looked after the interests of the people who lived or came to live within their territory. A new kingdom began to emerge.

Years passed. The king was succeeded by his son and the latter by his son. The process continued. Kapilavastu grew prosperous and beautiful. Overlooked by the southern Himalayan foot-hills, it had cool lakes, ever-green parks and im-

pressive mansions. Quiet flowed the river Rohini, meeting the needs of the people, enabling them to raise a bountiful crop year after year. By the time King Suddhodana ascended the throne of Kapilavastu, the kingdom had grown quite famous because of his just and kind predecessors.

Suddhodana married Mayadevi, a princess of another Sakya dynasty. The king and his queen were not quite happy, for although twenty years had passed since their marriage, they remained childless.

The queen spent much of her time in prayers. One night, as she dozed off while meditating,



she dreamt that four luminous beings carried her bed higher above the peaks and deeper into the Himalayas. Somebody whispered to her that they were the guardian spirits of the region. Then the wives of these beings took charge of her and led her to a sacred lake and bathed her. Thereafter they helped her to lie down on a magnificent bed bedecked in heavenly flowers.

Her dream continued and Queen Mayadevi saw a serene white elephant emerging from the hills. Holding a white lotus in its trunk, it came towards her in a lovely gait and circled her bed thrice. Then it disappeared into her.

In the morning the queen narrated her unusual dream to the king. The king grew puzzled as well as curious. He summoned some savants in whose

wisdom he had great trust. Some of these savants knew how to explain dreams. They heard the queen's dream in detail. After some consultations among themselves, their spokesman, beaming with happiness, told the king, "My lord, the queen's dream is most auspicious. The white elephant symbolises a great soul. Its entering the queen's body means, the queen will give birth to a child who will prove great."

"Do you mean a great king?" asked Suddhodana.

"Yes, if he continues to lead a normal princely life. If not..."

"What if not?"

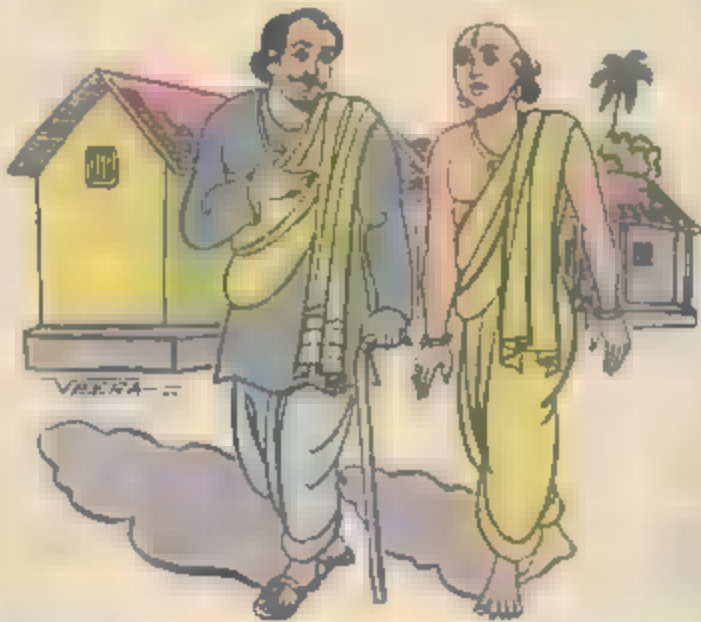
"If he chooses to break away from his princely destiny, he will become the Enlightened One, a great liberator of mankind," said the savant.

— *To Continue*



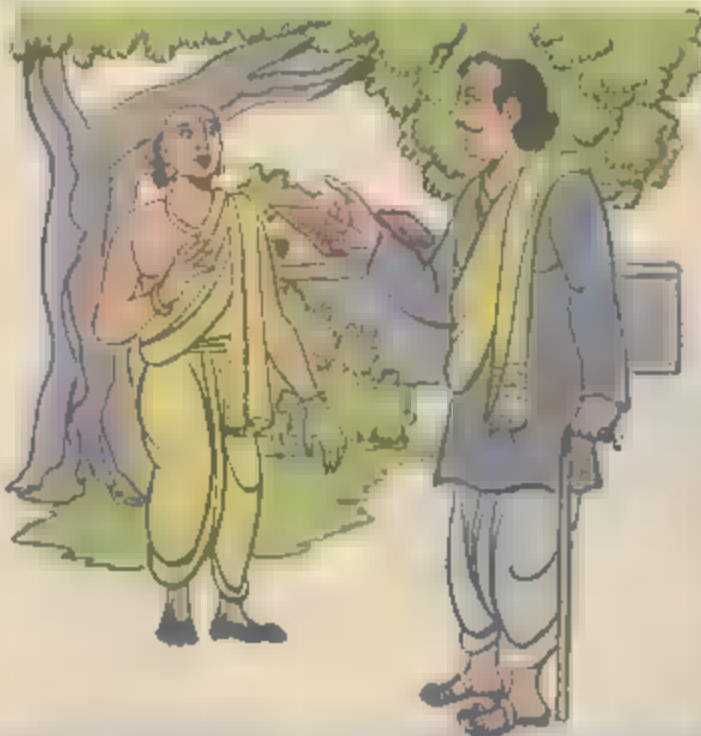
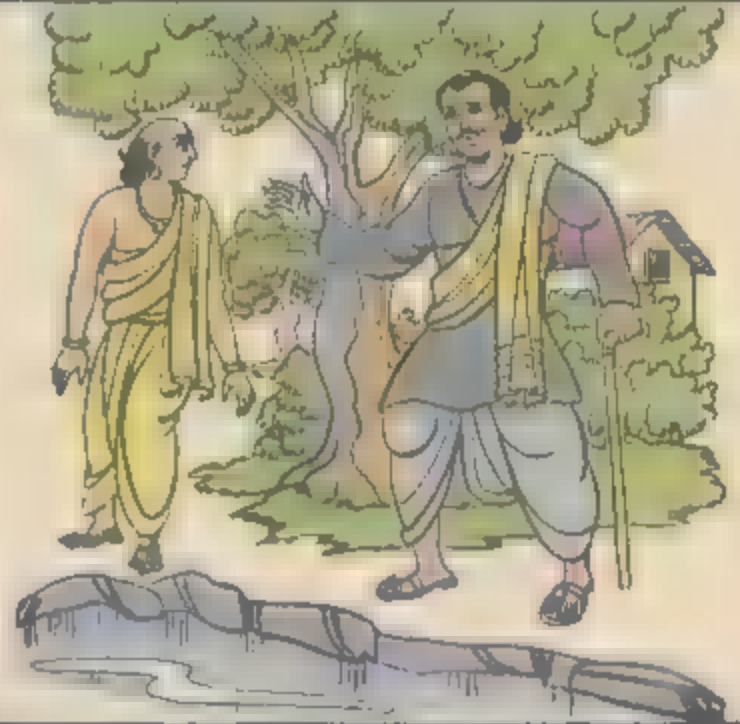
TALES OF TENALI

THE CLEAN SOLUTION



One day Tenali Rama was walking with a landlord. In fact, he was going to the landlord's house to get some money which the former had promised him.

Suddenly Tenali Rama stepped on some filth. He was about to go to the landlord's pond and wash his feet.

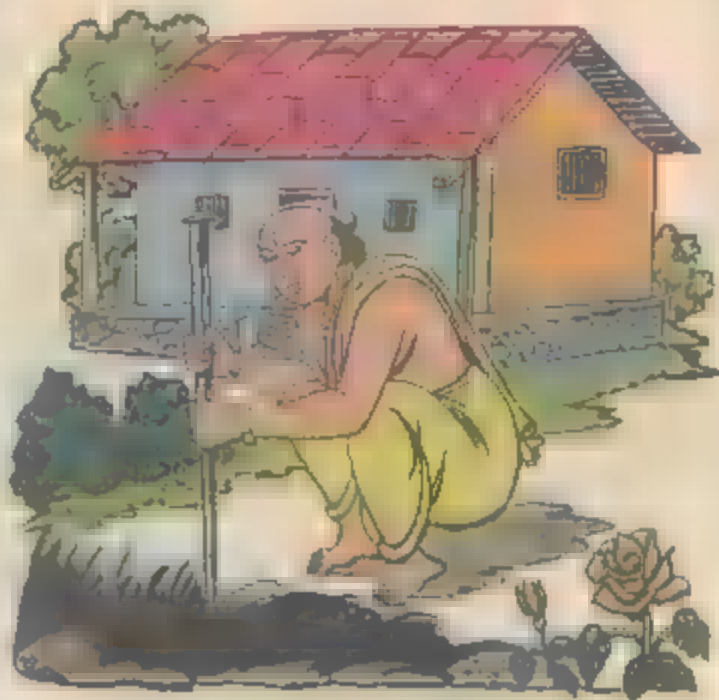


"Rama, you cannot wash your dirty foot in my pond nor can you enter my house with this. You must cut off the soiled foot," said the landlord.

Tenali Rama realised that the landlord was not ready to give him what he had promised. "Better I leave," he said.



Tenali Rama grew excellent roses in his garden. One evening he moved few of his plants to the border of his garden so that they could be seen from the road.

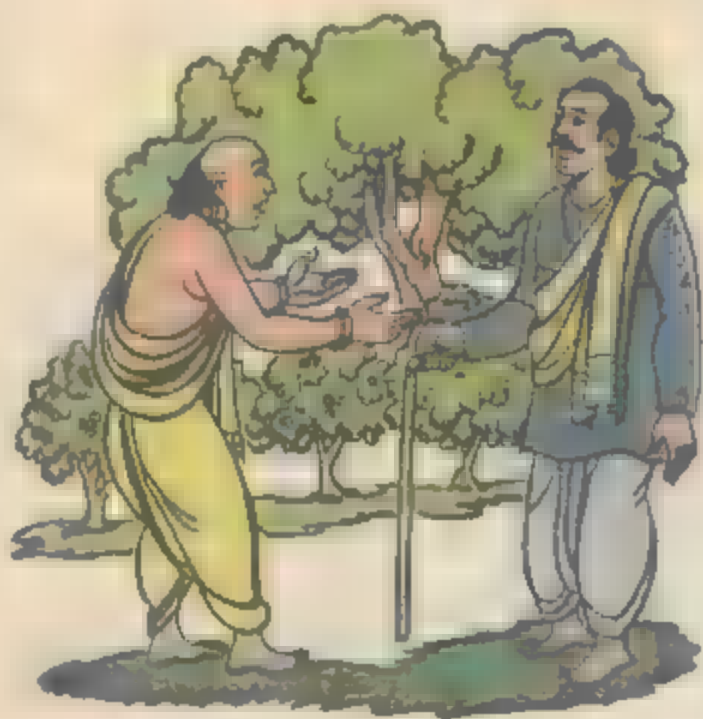


Then he dug a pit along the row of plants and filled them with filth and slime.

He covered the filth-filled pit with tender green grass. The pit could not be seen.



In the morning, while taking a walk, the landlord saw the roses. "How wonderful!" he exclaimed.



"Can I come in to see them from close quarters?" he asked Tenali Rama. "Welcome!" said Tenali Rama.

The landlord was merrily advancing towards the rose plants when he stepped on the covered pit and sank. Only his head was seen.



"You cannot wash your filth in my pond. But I have a sharp sword. I can cut you clean from your neck. You can go home leaving the filthy part here!" said Tenali Rama.

The landlord apologised to Tenali Rama, promised to pay him and said, "Please pull me out before others see me." Tenali Rama obliged.



The sage was speaking to three young seekers. They sat under a banyan tree in front of the sage's hermitage.

Unknown to the sage, the landlord's wife arrived on the scene and stood behind him. She too listened to the sage's sweet speech. It is difficult to say how much she understood, but she knew that the young listeners were greatly impressed by the speech.

After the young men had taken leave of the sage, she

bowed down to him. "Live long, my child," said the sage in the way of blessing her.

"Sir, I am going to receive some important guests from the town. They are the wives of the judge and the magistrate. You must tell them whatever you told those three boys," said the landlord's wife.

The sage smiled, but did not say anything.

Next day the wealthy ladies visited the hermitage. Their hostess introduced them to the





sage and said, "Sir, be pleased to speak to them some words of wisdom."

"Yes, sir, I want to know why God created this universe," said the judge's wife.

"And please tell me what happens to a human being after death," said the magistrate's wife.

The sage smiled. "I wish it rains today. The monsoon is late this year, don't you think so?" he asked.

"Yes, the river that flows by our town has already begun to dry up," said the judge's wife.

From weather their discussion got diverted to the problem of

burglary in the town and that of mosquitoes in the village. A long time passed.

"What about the questions we asked?" the landlord's wife finally reminded the sage.

"They are very difficult to answer. In any case, it is already time for me to sit for meditation," said the sage.

The ladies went away. The landlord's wife met the sage the next day and said in the way of complaining to him, "I'm sure, you avoided answering the questions of my guests!"

"Yes, my child, you are right," said the sage.

"Why did you do that?" demanded the lady.

"You cannot discuss topics of that kind with anybody. They had nothing but idle curiosity. Their minds were not ready to receive the knowledge even if I had uttered it," calmly explained the sage.

"You are wrong. They are very intelligent," observed the lady.

"They may be intelligent, but they were not ready for the knowledge they sought."

"How do you say so? Knowledge is meant for everybody! It should be given freely, without

discrimination!" said the lady loudly.

The sage fell silent.

In the evening a loafer met the lady. "What do you want?" she asked.

"Your necklace. I want it for a night only. I'll return it to you tomorrow," said the loafer.

"Audacity! Do you have any idea about the value of my necklace? Do you think it to be so ordinary that it can be given to any vagabond or any stranger? Go away you fool!" shouted the lady.

The fellow went away, but he was seen going towards the hermitage.

An hour later the sage met the lady and said, "My daughter, can I borrow your necklace for a night?"

"It is yours for the asking! Do

you need any other ornament too?" asked the lady.

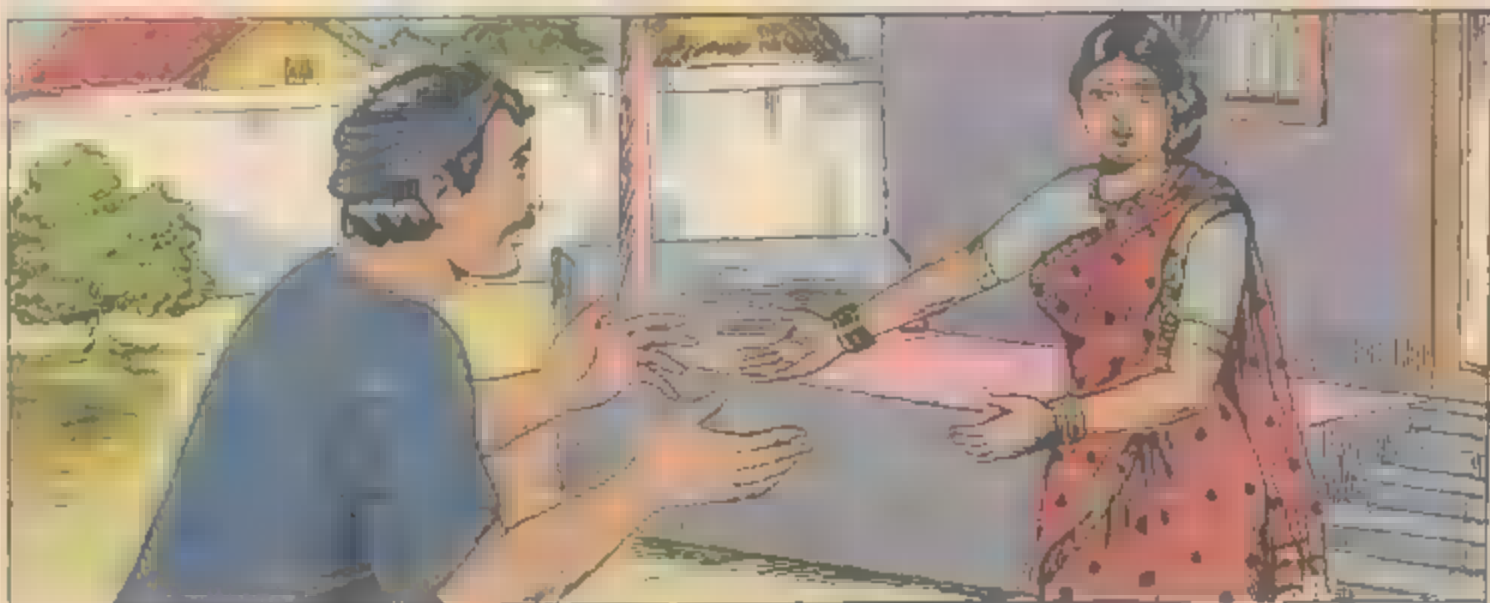
"Oh no. I don't even have any need for the necklace. But why did you refuse to give it to the man who asked you for it earlier?" asked the sage.

"How could I give it away to a vagabond?"

"Now you understand, don't you?" asked the sage.

The lady gave a start. Soon she lowered her head.

"I know, you have understood. Reflect on it further. If you cannot give a purely worldly thing to anybody who asks for it, how can you expect me to pass on such knowledge which is infinitely more valuable than a necklace without discrimination?" the sage asked in a tender tone.



CARE OF THE UNCONSCIOUS PERSON

by Dr. R. Jagannath

Kumud asked Uncle Ram, "After we have seen that the victim is alive and breathing well, and that there is no severe bleeding, is there anything else that we must generally check?"

"Yes," replied Uncle Ram. "If the person has not been speaking to you during this period and it is not obvious whether he is fully conscious or not, you must find out how conscious he is."

"How do we do that?" asked

Kumud.

Vinod said, "Oh, that should be simple. You ask the person some questions and see if he answers. If he does not, you shake him and see if he responds."

"That's right," said the uncle. "If he lies quietly as if sleeping, without responding to your questions and gestures, but can be easily aroused by being shaken and then answers your questions, we say that he is

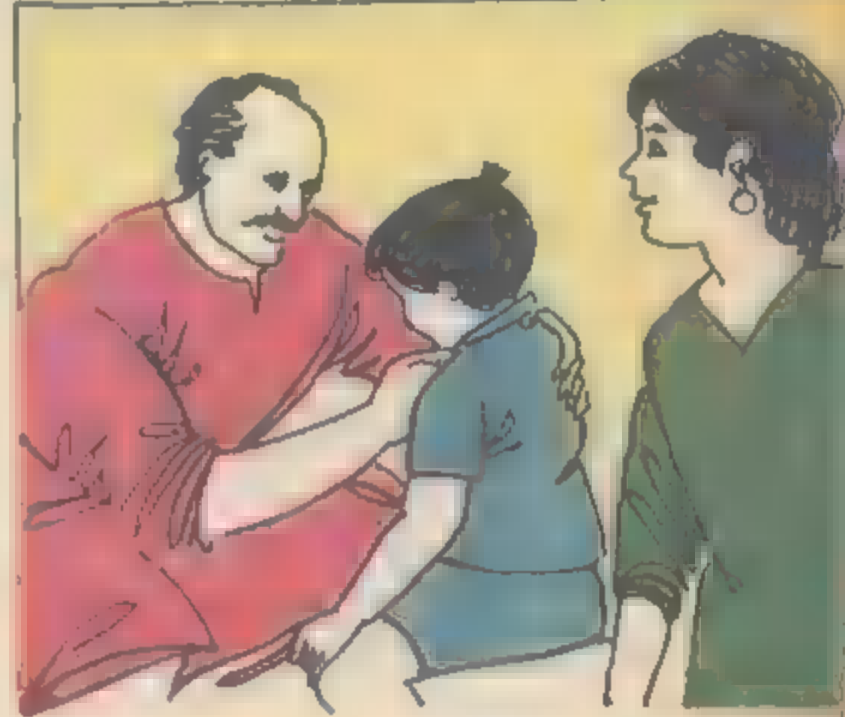


drowsy. If he cannot be aroused by being shaken gently, we give him a little pain by pinching him or giving him a slap. If there is some response like a grimace or moaning, we say that he is in stupor. If there is no response at all even when you give him some pain, we may say that he is in coma, which means that he is fully unconscious. Drowsiness, stupor and coma are different levels of unconsciousness."

"What can we do if we find that the person is unconscious, Uncle?" asked Kumud.

"When I was telling you about breathing, I said that a person's air passage may be obstructed by a wrong posture or by vomit, blood or broken or false teeth. This is much more likely to happen to an unconscious person than to one who is conscious." Uncle Ram paused and turning to Vinod, asked, "If we find that the person is not breathing normally, what do we do?"

Vinod was prompt with the answer, which proved that the uncle's first-aid classes had not been in vain. "We tilt his head back and with our fingers, remove any blood clots or broken teeth that may be in the back of



the mouth," he said.

"And if necessary, give artificial respiration," Kumud joined in.

"Very good," said the uncle, quite pleased. "Since an unconscious person will not be able to complain of any discomfort, we must make sure that his clothing is not too tight. We must keep him in a well-ventilated place and warmly covered if the weather is cold. Once he is breathing normally, we must put him in what we may call the recovery position."

"What is this position, Uncle?" asked Vinod.

"We make the person lie on his stomach, then lift one side of the body slightly away from the floor by bending the limbs on one side. The head is turned to the side, and tilted slightly back by pulling the chin forward, to prevent the tongue from blocking the airway." Uncle showed what he meant by putting Vinod in the right position.

"Since the person is not completely lying on his stomach in this position, it is also called the semi-prone position; prone means lying on the stomach. In this position, the person can breathe freely; any vomit or mucus from his mouth will drain

out instead of going back into his airway."

"Is there anything else we can do for an unconscious person, Uncle?" asked Kumud.

"Well, there is one thing that I can say you must *not* do for an unconscious person. Do you know what it is?" Uncle Ram paused a while for an answer from the children. Since no answer was forthcoming, he continued. "We must not put anything into the mouth of an unconscious person for him to eat or drink. Do you know why?" he asked.



"Is it because he may be choked by it, Uncle?" asked Vinod.

"The food may go into his airway," answered Kumud.

"That's right," said Uncle. "When anything touches the throat of a conscious person he either swallows it or gags and brings it out; and if anything other than air enters the airway, he coughs it out immediately. These automatic actions called reflexes, may be absent in an unconscious person. Whatever is put into his mouth may enter his airway and obstruct the breathing or even enter the lungs and cause harm. So remember, never put anything into the mouth of an unconscious person."

"We will remember," said Vinod.

"After making sure that the person is breathing all right and is put in the right position, check carefully whether he has received any other major injury. Do not leave an unconscious person alone, because any time he may need clearing of the airway or artificial respiration. Keep him in a safe place till he can be taken to the hospital," said Uncle Ram and he asked, rising from his seat, "Now do you see how important consciousness is to a man, even merely to stay alive?"

"Yes, Uncle," responded Kumud. "We realise it only now after we have heard how life is endangered when consciousness is absent."

To Continue



ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG MAN

In a certain village lived a poor young man named Mamariha. He laboured in the fields of the landlord for a living, but he laboured hard indeed.

One day, at the end of a year, the landlord told him, "Mamariha, I am very happy with your work. Here is your reward."

The landlord handed over three coins to Mamariha. Now, this was an extra income which delighted the poor man. He at once set out on a journey. For long he had cherished the desire for having a glimpse of the wide

world.

On the way, by the side of a hill, he found a young man who looked as sad as one could look. "What's the matter with you, brother?" asked Mamariha.

The story the young man told was amazing. One day, while working in the fields of a wealthy man, he stumbled upon a pouch. "This is a beautiful pouch, but I wish I had some food instead of this!" he told himself. Lo and behold, there was laid before him some delicious dishes and some no less



delicious drinks! He put them to proper use and understood that the pouch had magic in it. It was capable of giving him food and drink whenever he needed them.

His master came to know about his prize possession and desired to take it over. The young man escaped with his pouch, but only to be robbed of it by a gang of bandits.

"Don't feel sad, my friend, take this coin. This is earned with sweat. If you use it in the right way, it should bring you happiness," said Mamariha handing out one of his three coins to the young man.

The grateful young man followed Mamariha. The two had not gone far when they came across another young man who too looked very sad. His story was no less strange. He had found a pouch out of which a number of goblins would jump and do any work for you! But he too had lost it to robbers!

Mamariha gave him ■ coin and advised him to invest it in some useful work. This young man too followed him.

Before long they met with ■ third young man. He had chanced upon a pair of magic



boots. With them he could walk on waters. Alas, he had lost them to robbers!

Mamariha gave him his last coin. By then they had come to a crossroad. "Let us part company here. We will meet again if that is written in our destiny," said Mamariha and they took to different roads.

The road Mamariha took passed through a forest. At one place he heard some shouts and shrieks. He hid behind a bush and observed that four rowdies were fighting with one another. Soon it became clear to him that they were the gang of robbers now quarrelling over the ownership of those stolen pouches

and boots. From their angry exchanges he also understood that the horse they possessed was a magic horse, capable of flying over tree-tops.

Mamariha sprang out of the bush. The four fighting bandits were surprised. "Listen, boys," said Mamariha in a grave tone. "I ask you to deposit the items here. Then you move away in four directions. When I whistle, come back racing. Whoever will pick up an item, it will become his. If you disobey me, the items will vanish!"

"We'll do as you say," said the bandits, sure that Mamariha was a supernatural being. Who otherwise could order them ab-

out in this manner?

When the bandits had gone far enough, Mamariha collected the three items, unfastened their magic horse and whistled while riding the horse. The four bandits came running only to dash against one another and to see Mamariha flying away, riding their horse.

"You fool, you agreed to his suggestion first," one bandit accused another.

"Not I, but you," retorted the other. Soon all the four were locked in a fight once again. Mamariha threw a glance at them and laughed and flew away.

He descended on a lonely



spot at the foot of a hill so that no one observed the magic powers of his horse. He heard an announcement made by the king. It said that whoever can uproot a gigantic tree behind the palace and unearth a treasure buried under it, will get any reward he wished.

Mamariha had heard that the king had a beautiful daughter. He walked up to the king and said, "Will you let me marry your daughter if I can do the feat?"

"Why not!" said the king goggling his eyes and surveying him.

"And what about half of the kingdom?" asked Mamariha.

"Granted!" growled the king. "And what about your head if you cannot perform the feat by tomorrow morning? Will it be ours?" he asked.

"Granted," answered Mamariha.

He waited for the darkness to fall. Then he brought out the second pouch and ordered the goblins to come out and do the needful. By morning the tree had been uprooted and the buried treasure discovered.

"How wonderful! Can we see your pouch?" asked the king.



Mamariha had no hesitation in handing over his property to his would be father-in-law. "And what more do you have?" the king asked with curiosity. Mamariha showed him the other pouch and his magic boots and spoke to him about his horse too. There was no harm, he thought, in telling his bride's father about the wealth he possessed.

Once the king had them, he smiled and drove Mamariha out of his city.

Poor Mamariha! He felt so dejected! He walked on and on till he reached the river-bank. He felt both hungry and thirsty.



He plucked some red berries and ate them. Then he leaned towards the river for drinking water. But what is it did he see? His reflection on the glass-clear water showed that he had grown a pair of horns!

He, however, did not lose patience. He drank the water to his heart's content and, to his joy, found that the horns had disappeared.

He gathered some more berries and walked back to the city, now disguised as a forest-dweller. "The most delicious berries one can ever dream of!" he shouted in front of the palace. The princess peeped

from her window in the upper floor. Her maids came running and bought the whole lot of berries Mamariha had.

The princess ate them and so did her maids and the queen. "Delicious!" they exclaimed. The king, who had stepped into the queen's apartment, threw a couple of the rare berries into his mouth.

Suddenly they saw their reflections on the large mirror in the queen's room. They had become a horned royalty!

Oh shame! What to do? The physicians pleaded helplessness before this unheard of disease. The fellow who had sold the berries was not to be found. Mamariha was there of course, but he had shed his disguise.

"Announce that whoever can make our horns vanish will wed the princess and get half of the kingdom!" the king told his minister.

"My lord, who will believe you? You had promised the same prizes to Mamariha the young man who uprooted the tree," said the minister.

The king became the very image of repentance. Meanwhile an official of his located Mamariha and told him about

the plight of the royal family. Mamariha had meanwhile fetched a jarful of water from the river. He proceeded to the palace, poured a little of it into a cup and recited some prayers and handed over the cup to the princess. The princess drank the water. Her horns vanished. She clapped her hands in joy and told the king, "Father, I will marry this young man and no one else."

"So be it, but..." he remorsefully felt his own horns and looked at the horns on the queen's head.

"My lord, my magic will not work on you unless you return to me my properties and promise to give me half of your kingdom before a gathering of your subjects.

The king was obliged to fulfil

the conditions. Mamariha treated them all to the water and their horns vanished. He was married to the princess and was given half the kingdom.

Soon he found out the three men whose property the pouches and the boots were. Each of them had grown wealthy investing the coins he had given them. Mamariha offered them their magic items. But they said, "You outwitted the bandits and got them. They are yours!"

So, Mamariha reigned for long and did many wonderful things with the help of those pouches and the boots. Once in a while he rode his flying horse, with the princess seated behind him. His subjects came out of their houses and applauded the feat, looking upward.

Retold by Sunanda Reddy





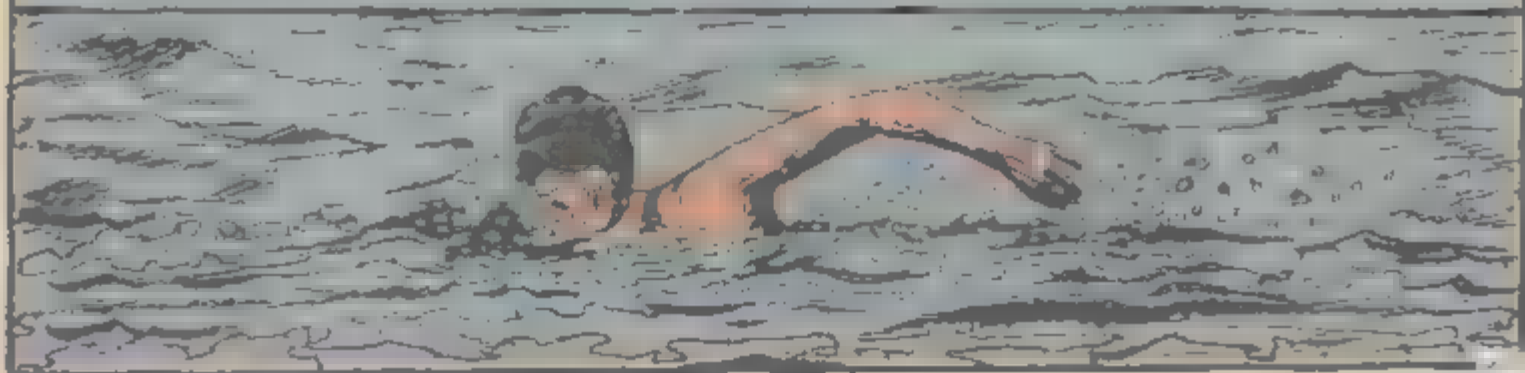
OF ALL REGULARLY HELD YACHT RACES, THE ADMIRAL'S CUP, SPONSORED BY THE ROYAL OCEAN RACING CLUB, ATTRACTS THE MOST COMPETITORS. IT IS HELD IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL WITH UP TO 19 NATIONS COMPETING.

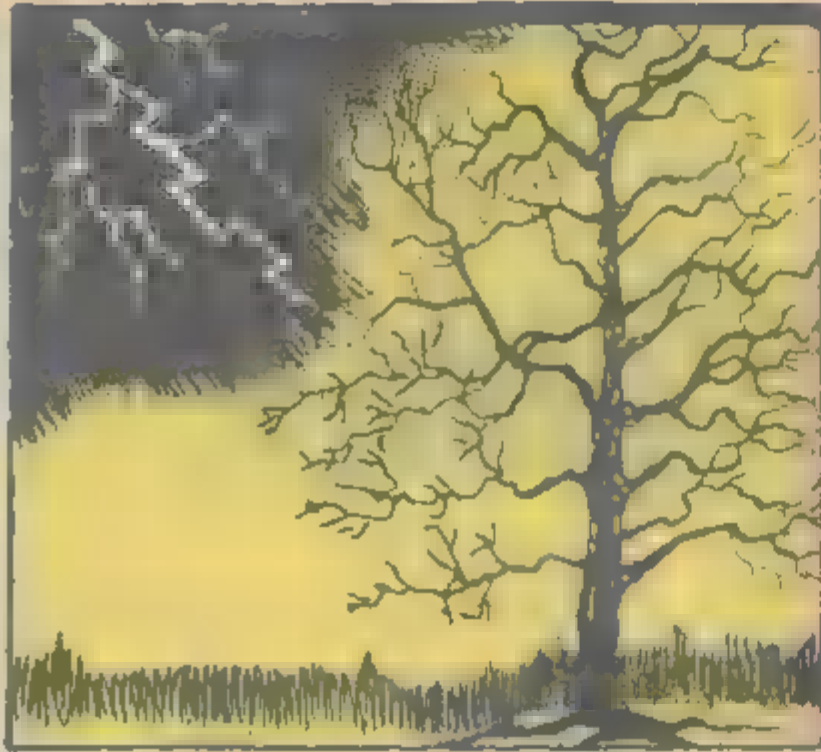
Admiral's Cup



First woman Channel swimmer...

THE FIRST WOMAN TO SWIM THE ENGLISH CHANNEL WAS AMERICAN GERTRUDE EDERLE WHO SWAM FROM CAP GRIS-NEZ TO DEAL IN 1926. THE TIME TAKEN WAS 14 HOURS AND 39 MINUTES.





LIGHTNING TREES

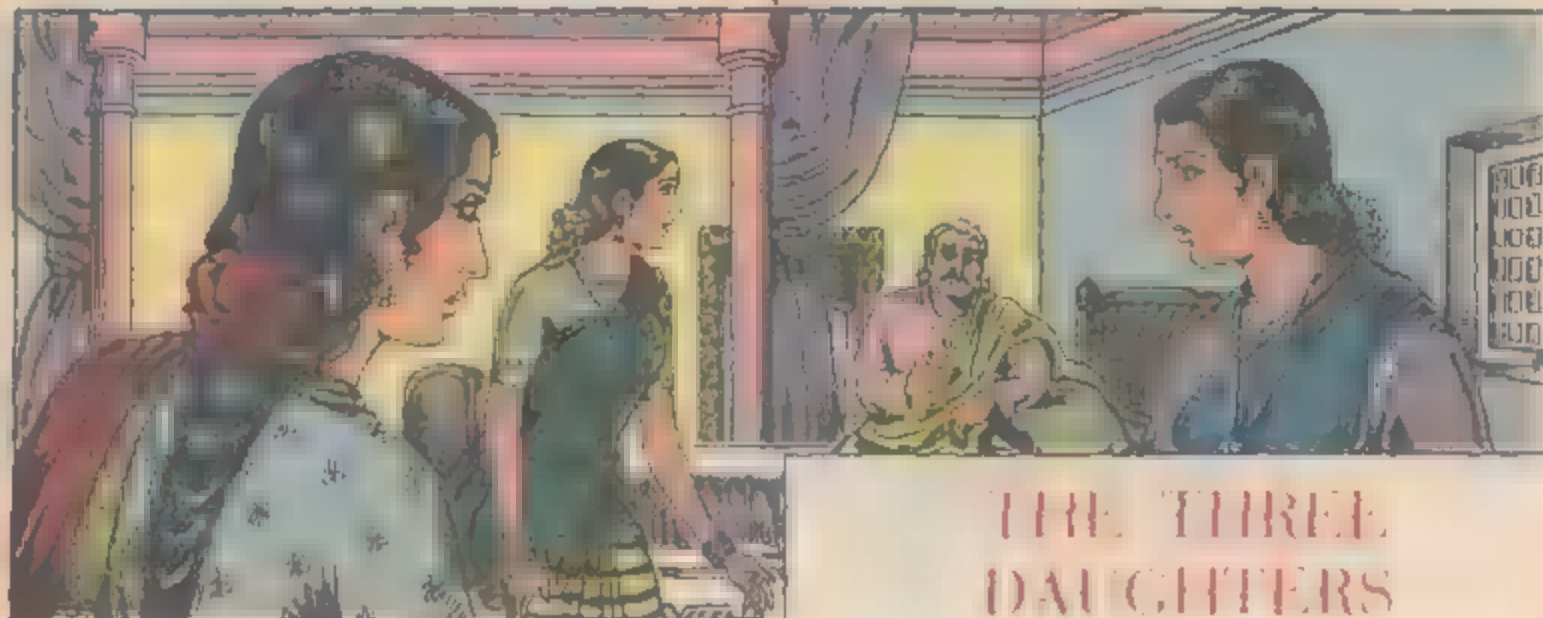
THE OAK AND THE POPLAR
ARE THE TWO TREES MOST
FREQUENTLY STRUCK BY
LIGHTNING IN ENGLAND.

CONTRARY TO POPULAR
BELIEF, THE OSTRICH DOES
NOT BURY ITS HEAD IN
THE SAND WHEN
THREATENED. OFTEN
WHEN DISTURBED IT
BENDS ITS HEAD TO THE
GROUND AND LISTENS IN-
TENTLY, BUT IF DANGER
OCCURS IT RUNS AWAY
LIKE OTHER CREATURES.



LAVA

MOLTEN LAVA HAS
A TEMPERATURE
OF 4,000 DEGREES
FAHRENHEIT.



THE THREE DAUGHTERS

In the city of Amaravati lived a merchant who had three daughters.

The merchant had lost his wife and was not keeping well himself. One day he thought, "I must arrange for the marriage of my daughters. Who knows when I have to depart from this world? Better I marry all my daughters off at the same time and divide my property among them. I can shut down my business and spend the rest of my life camping at some holy places."

He called his three daughters and told them what was in his mind. "I propose to spend some days at Brindavan once your weddings are over. Thereafter I propose to divide my time, living for a while with each one of you. What do you say?" asked the father.

"Father, what you say is quite sensible. I will like to put you up with me. But, you know very well, that I cannot do as I please in my husband's house. Much will depend on his attitude," said the eldest daughter.

"You are right. I was looking at the situation from my point of view. I had not taken into consideration the fact that your husband's family way not like me to be a burden on it!" the merchant commented thoughtfully.

"Father!" said the second daughter, "Please find out a husband for me in this city itself. If I am nearby, I can pay visits to you frequently and look after you, in case my husband's family would not like you to stay with it."

"You are quite practical, my child," said the merchant and he



looked at his youngest daughter.

She burst into tears and coming close to her father, said; "Why should you bother about my marriage now? You propose to live at Brindavan for some days, don't you? Who will look after you there? I must accompany you. Forget about my marriage at this stage."

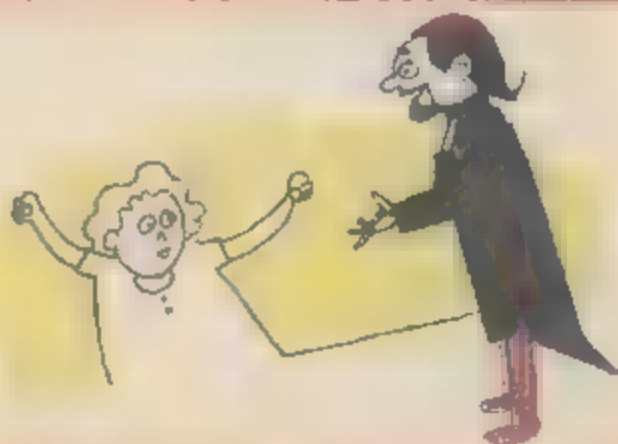
The father wiped the tears from his youngest daughter's eyes. Although he did not say anything, he acted according to his youngest daughter's sugges-

tion. He married his two elder daughters off and divided half of his property between them. Then he proceeded to Brindavan with the youngest daughter. After six months the father and the daughter returned to Amaravati. It so happened that he found a young man who had lost his parents, to marry his youngest daughter. The young man came to live with him and took charge of his business. Till the merchant's death, the youngest daughter looked after him with the love of ■ mother.

NOT DONE EASILY

The famous musician Fritz Kreisler had just finished a concert when a sincere lover of music, ■ lady, stood up amidst the audience and exclaimed, "Mr. Kreisler, I'd give my life to play as you do."

The musician bowed and said, "Madam, I did."



A DIALOGUE

A teacher, on his way to his school, used to see a young man sprawling under a tree, dozing or whistling or humming a tune.

One day the teacher could not check himself from speaking to him.

"Hello, young man, why don't you take up some work?" asked the teacher.

"What for?" asked the young man in return.

"You'll earn, of course!"

"What for?"

"Well..." the teacher hesitated and said, "you'd get married and have children."

"What for?"

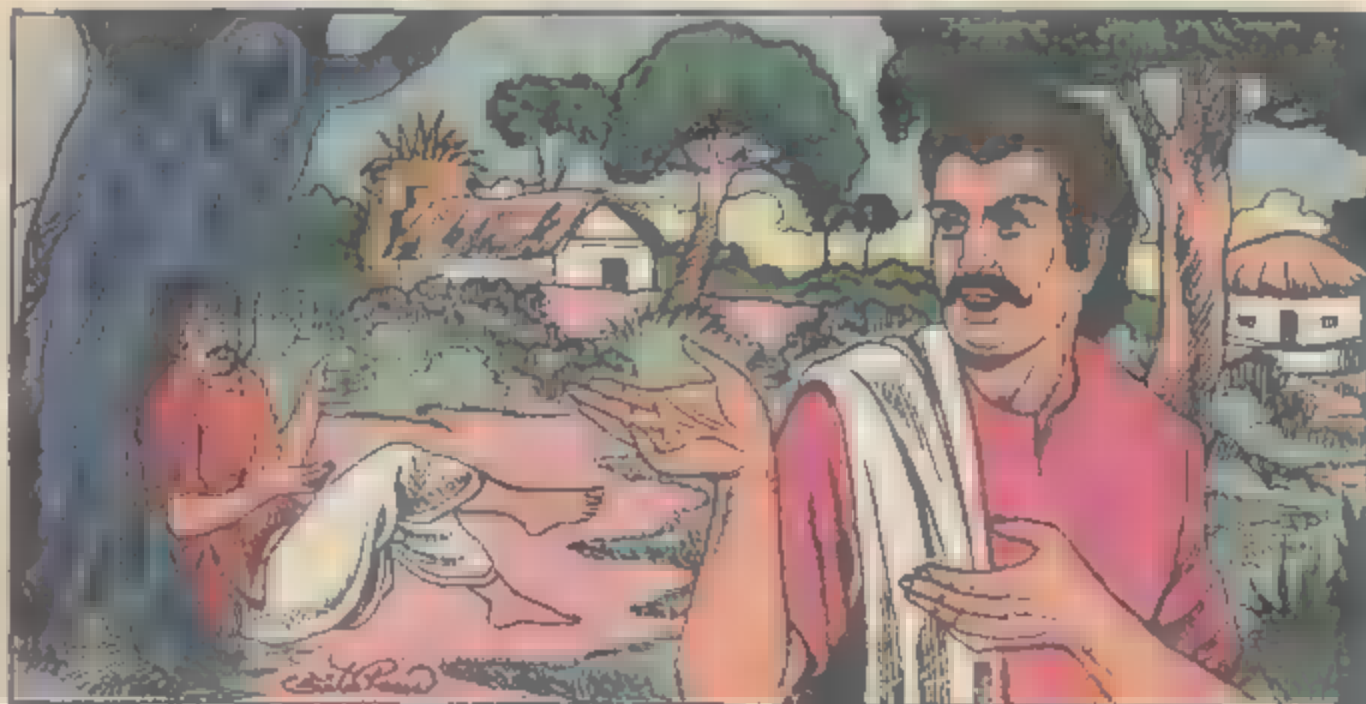
"They will grow up and earn for you!"

"What for?"

"So that you can relax!"

"Gentleman, what do you think I'm doing now?" asked the young man and devoted himself to whistling.

The teacher felt silent and went his way.



More Tales of King Vikram and the Vampire

THE GHOST WHO WANTED TO BE EDUCATED

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At the intervals of the roars of thunder and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, you have enough money; you are also very powerful as a king. What is it then you seek? What for are you taking such pains at the unearthly hour of the night? I should think that you are after some secrets by which you can perform miracles. But are you sure that such powers will do





you good? Let me narrate an incident to you so that my question will be clear. Pay attention to my narration. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: In the prosperous village of Dharmagram lived a scholar named Bhushan Sharma. He taught a few boys of the village and earned some money from their parents. But it was a meagre income. Life was very hard for him

"Why don't you go out to the town and try your luck?" his wife one day asked him. Sharma knew that far great scholars lived in the town; he had no

chance of his shining amidst them. But he did not wish to disappoint his wife. "That is a good idea," he said. He desired to spend a few hours in peace, away from his house.

He left home and walked in the direction of the town, but he did not go far. He sat down under an old banyan tree in a meadow. Hours passed. He had no zeal to stand up and go anywhere. At noon some travellers came to rest under the tree. They shared their food with Sharma. After a while they left.

Sharma continued to sit there, lamenting his fate. He was the most learned man in the village, but he was also the poorest man. What an irony! Of what value was his education? He mused on this question.

By and by evening set in. Then evening deepened into night. But it was a full-moon night, quite bright. "I must return home," thought Sharma, I cannot spend the whole night here."

He was about to rise when he heard a thud. Before him popped up an aerial figure—that of a boy.

"Punditji, you are not afraid

of a young ghost like me, are you?" asked the spirit.

"Oh no, why should I fear you?" said Sharmaji who, in fact, would have fainted right away if the spirit had not spoken to him in a very tender tone.

"I am a ghost, ■ you can see. I belong to ■ nearby village. I had seen you taking classes at Dharmagram. How much I wished that ■ could become a student of yours! I told my father about it. He was a very poor man. Even then he promised to arrange for my education. But he died in an accident all on a sudden. My mother died from shock. There was nobody to take care of me. I drowned myself in the river and died. Had I been educated, I would have known that to kill oneself was a sin. Because of my sin I am living as a ghost Punditji, will you please educate me?" the spirit asked eagerly.

By then fear had left Sharma. He said, "My boy, ■ wish I could fulfil your desire. But I am heading for the town for my livelihood. I do not earn enough to make my both ends meet."

"Are you in need of money?" asked the spirit and he laughed



and said, "When I was alive, I had no opportunity to hold even ■ coin in my hand. But as a spirit I can lay my hands on treasures of the king or of anybody else. If you promise to impart lessons to me, I'll fetch money for you in no time."

Sharma's face brightened up. "I promise," he said.

"How much money do you need?" asked the spirit.

"Say, a thousand gold coins!"

"Wait, here," said the spirit. He disappeared. Sharma kept sitting with bated breath. An hour passed. There was ■ thud again. Sharma saw a bag lying before him. Next moment the



spirit too could be seen. "Here is the money. When do you begin teaching me?"

Sharma was so excited that he promised to return to the spot the very next day. The spirit thanked him and disappeared. Sharma grabbed the bag and walked home briskly.

A thousand gold coins made him the richest man in the village overnight. He did not disclose the sudden change in his fortune to anybody, but began planning how to build a new house and how much to invest in a business, so on and so forth. He did not go near the banyan tree the next day. In fact, he had

given up the idea of going there ever. But a new idea came to his mind on the third day and he went there at night.

"Punditji, what happened? I've been waiting for you!" said the spirit.

"My boy, I made a blunder by asking you for only a thousand gold coins. The fact is, I need some more money. This much does not help me much..."

"Sorry, Punditji, I felt very sad after stealing that thousand gold coins from the king's treasury. If I want to be good, should I steal? I should not! No, Punditji, tell me if I can help you in any other way," said the spirit.

"In that case, can you pass on some magical power to me?" asked Sharma.

"How will that help you?" asked the spirit, a bit surprised.

Sharma coughed and hesitated and managed to say, "Well, it will add to my confidence that I know something special..."

"Very well," said the spirit impatiently. "When I first came here, I met a witch's ghost. She used to pass on her knowledge to me though I had no interest in it." The spirit brought out a

small chip of bone from the hollow of the tree and handed it over to Sharma. Keep this in a fold of your clothes and walk ~~in~~ water. You will not sink. But when do you propose to begin taking my classes?" asked the spirit.

"Tomorrow, of course," said Sharma and he took leave of the spirit.

Seven days passed. Sharma was not to be seen. One evening the spirit went to Dharmagram, looking for him.

A strange sight met his eyes. On the bank of the lake outside the village had gathered all the respectable people of the vil-

lage. Sharma walked on the water proudly. When he came out to the bank, the people prostrated themselves to him. "O holy man! O man of wonders, bless us!" they said. Sharma waved his hand of their heads as if he was blessing them.

Sharma went home. Invisible to all, the spirit followed him. Sharma had sat down when a landlord met him and bowed down to him. "What's your problem?" asked Sharma.

"My enemy is harassing me very much. Please teach him a lesson. I had told you about him yesterday. Here is something for you!" the landlord kept



some money before Sharma.

"You can go. I will do the needful," said Sharma gravely.

The landlord departed. Some boys came in. "What do you want?" asked Sharma.

"Sir, it has been a fortnight now that we have missed our classes..." said the boys.

"I have no time for taking classes. Go away," said Sharma rudely. The boys went away.

Suddenly the spirit took its form before Sharma. Sharma gave a start. He tried to laugh and said, "I'm sorry, I could not meet you. But..."

"I heard that you have no time for taking classes," said the spirit.

"That does not apply to you. I can begin taking your classes right now," said Sharma falteringly.

"Look here, Punditji," said the spirit assuming a very serious tone. "You cannot teach me because you are not educated yourself. And I did not know that you will commit suicide like me."

"Well..." Sharma could not say a thing more.

"Pardon me," said the ghost.

"No, no, it is not for me to pardon you. It is for you to

pardon me..." said Sharmaji.

The spirit paid no attention to Sharmaji's words. "I'll pray for you," said the spirit, "And pray yourself. Then he turned and walked away. Sharma sat thunderstruck."

The vampire paused for a moment. Then, in a challenging tone, he demanded of King Vikram, "Why did the spirit give up his desire to learn when Sharma was prepared to begin teaching him then and there? How could the spirit describe Sharma as uneducated? Why did the spirit say that Sharma had committed suicide? And why did he ask to be pardoned? He had done no wrong to Sharma! It is Sharma who had wronged him. And why did the spirit say that he will pray for Sharma? O King, answer me if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answers, your head would roll off your neck."

Answered King Vikram forthwith: "By education the spirit meant that which makes a person good and noble. He was under the impression that if he learns lessons from Sharma, he will gain these qualities. But he found out that education had



not made Sharma a noble man. Sharma could easily inspire him to steal. Sharma could betray him too. Sharma demonstrated his magic power to create the impression that he was a holy man. He even accepted a bribe from the landlord giving him the idea that he was capable of harming the landlord's enemy. In other words he acted as a liar. These are the traits of an ignorant man. What is worse, Sharma did such things though he ■■■ ■ pundit. That was equal to committing suicide. The spirit realised that mere knowledge of arts and science does not change ■ man's nature; it does not make him good or noble. That is why

he gave up the desire to learn such lessons from Sharma. That is also the reason why he called Sharma uneducated.

"He begged to be pardoned because he had unwittingly helped Sharma to become greedy and to commit sins. The only pious work of Sharma was to teach some village boys. Sharma had even given that up. The spirit proposed to pray for him so that good sense would return to him. Prayer is a great power. Nothing else could save him from his sins."

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

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THE SHRINE OF BRAHMA ON LAKE PUSHKAR

Pushkar, an ancient lake, is situated in a charming valley of Rajasthan, at a distance of a little over ten kilometres from the city of Ajmer.

The legend that makes the lake holy takes us back to mythical times. Once Brahma, the Creator, desired to perform ■ Yajna on the earth. He threw down ■ lotus that fell on the site which later became ■ lake. He performed the Yajna here.

There ■■■ numerous temples in India dedicated to Vishnu and Siva. But perhaps the only shrine to be found today in which Brahma is worshipped is at Pushkar.





SAFE DEPOSIT

In days gone by there lived a pundit named Sitaram Mishra in the village Haripur. He taught in a Sanskrit school. He was much liked by his students and their guardians.

He had accumulated an amount of five hundred rupees over the years. That was a lot of money in those days.

Once he received an invitation to attend a conference of scholars to take place in Varanasi. That was an honour shown to him. He decided to attend the conference. But with whom to leave the money he had gathered? It would take him a month to be back from Varanasi. To leave the money with his wife was not a wise thing to do. She was such a simple-natured woman that anybody could swindle her of the amount.

Mishra thought over the issue

for a while. Then he went to meet the village grocer, a wealthy man named Joginder. He told Joginder his problem and sought his advice.

"In matters of money, you should not trust anybody. In no time money can make a cheat out of a hermit!" said Joginder.

While Joginder was speaking a village woman left the shop after buying something from Joginder's assistant, a young man.

Suddenly Joginder turned to the young man and said in a grave tone, "I'm afraid, you kept a paisa more from that woman than what is due to us! Why did you do that? Haven't I told you time and again that we should be satisfied with the minimum profit?"

Joginder's honesty charmed Mishra. He was sure that the



safest place for his money will be Joginder's custody. "Joginder, please take charge of my money for ■ month," he appealed to him.

"Well, sir, if that is your desire, you can leave your money-bag anywhere you like in my shop. Mind you, it is for you to keep it and it is for you to collect it when you return. I have nothing to do in the matter," said Joginder.

Mishra was happy. He hid his bag in a nook of Joginder's store-room and left.

He was back after ■ month and went to the honest grocer's shop. "Welcome, Mishraji, wel-

come. How did the conference go?" asked Joginder.

"I ■ happy to tell you, Joginder, that the conference went on very well. My lecture was widely appreciated," said Mishra.

"I am so happy to know this, Punditji, I must say that you are our pride. Now, can I be of any help to you?" asked Joginder.

"You have already been of much help to me by guarding my money. Now can I take my bag away?" said Mishra.

"Please take it, Punditji! You know where you kept it; find it out yourself," said Joginder and he gave his attention to his accounts.

Mishra went into the shop and looked for his bag, but he did not find it. Surprised, he searched every nook and corner of the shop, but the bag was missing.

"Joginder, I don't find my bag!" he reported to the shop-keeper after some hesitation.

"If you don't find it, you don't find it! That is all. What can I do about it? Had I not made it clear that it is for you to deposit it and it is for you to find it? I have no responsibility in the matter!" said Joginder rather rudely.

Mishra stood stunned. He understood that Joginder had decided to cheat him. He left the shop after a long sigh.

"Why are you looking so sad, son?" someone asked him while he was walking absent-mindedly. He looked up. The one to put the question to him was an elderly lady who belonged to the next village. The two knew each other very well.

Mishra told her all about his misfortune. "Don't you worry, son, I will help you recover your money," said the lady. Then she told him what they should do.

The lady went home and came back with a bundle of her ornaments. She then went to

Joginder's shop and told him. "Joginder, I propose to make a trip to Kalyanpur for a few days. You have to oblige me by keeping these valuable jewellery of mine with you. Please don't turn down my request."

"Why do you wish to leave your jewellery, of all persons, with me?" asked Joginder, a bit surprised.

"To be frank, sonny, I have tremendous faith in Sitaram Mishra. I know that he has been to Varanasi, leaving his money in your charge. In fact he had told me that if there is one man entirely honest in this area, it is Joginder the Grocer! He narrated to me how you took your



assistant to task because the chap collected an extra paisa from a customer," explained the lady.

"What takes you to Kalyanpur, Aunty?" asked Joginder.

"My grandson is there. I have not heard from him for a long time. That is the reason I want to visit the town personally," said the lady as she opened her bundle.

Joginder guessed that the value of the jewellery will be more than five thousand rupees.

Just then Mishra was seen coming back. Joginder's face fell. The lady did not know that Mishra had returned from Varanasi. Now if she learns that Mishra had been cheated of his deposit, she will never leave her jewellery with him.

Joginder hit on an idea. "Come here, Punditji, come

here I was going to send for you. You are such a forgetful man! You left your money-bag at one spot and looked for it in another spot! Here is your bag!" he shouted, taking the bag out of his drawer.

Mishra took hold of his bag promptly. Then he greeted the lady and said, "Aunty, I was on my way to your house. I met your grandson in Varanasi. He will be back with you the next month. He is doing well."

"You saved me so much botheration!" exclaimed the lady. "I was about to go to Kalyanpur myself!"

Looking at Joginder, she said, "So, sonny, I need not burden you with my jewellery."

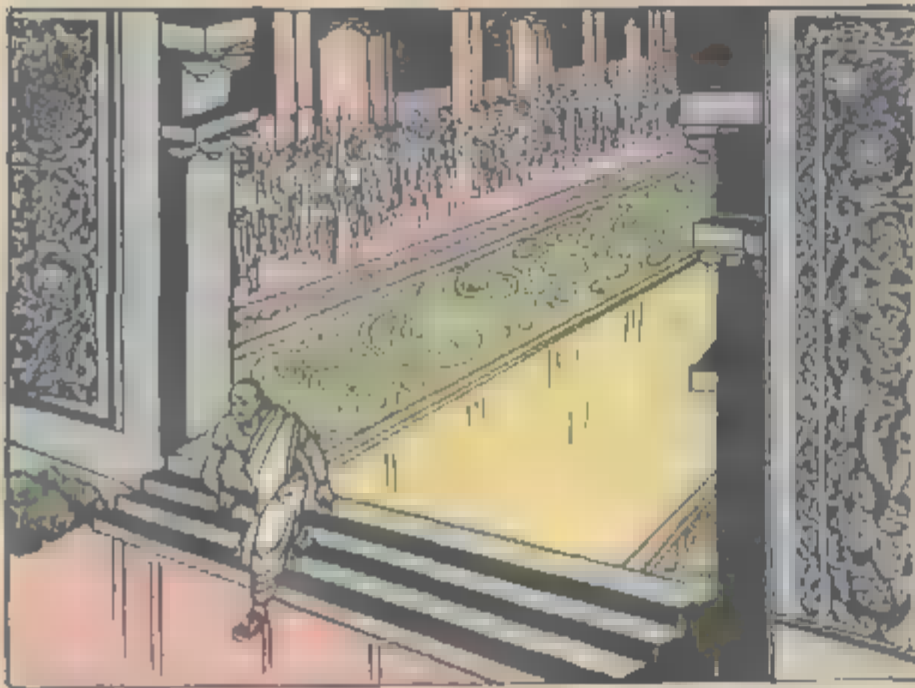
She left, followed by Mishra. Joginder looked on, disappointment writ large in his eyes.



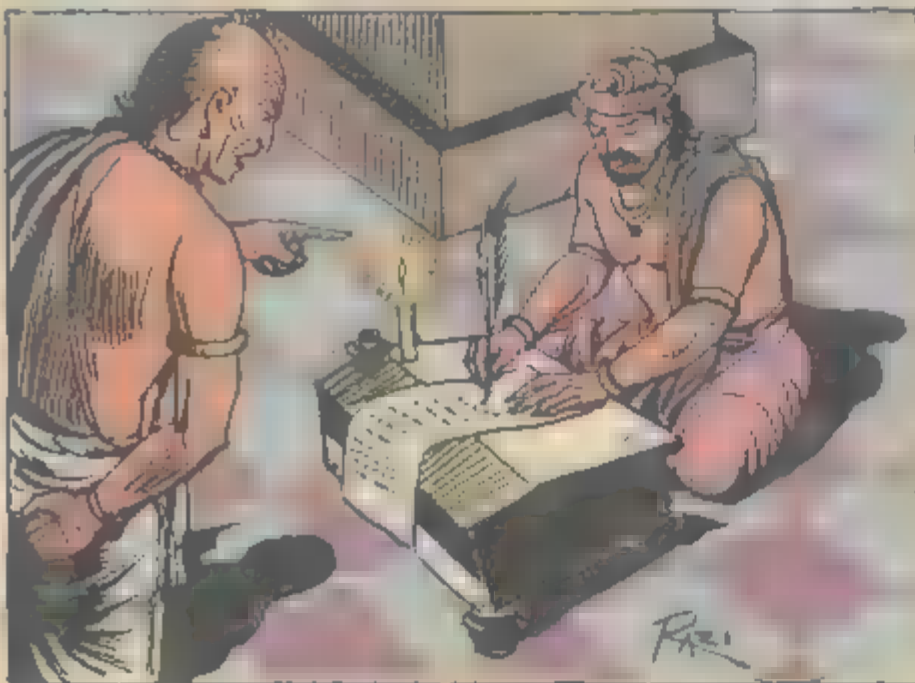
CLASSIC STORIES OF INDIA

THE ROYAL SEAL (4)

(Story so far) : Defeating the Nandas, Chandragupta won the throne of Magadha. His clever minister planned to win Rakshasa, the faithful minister of the Nandas, to his side. Chandragupta and Chanakya feigned a quarrel. Chanakya pretended to desert Chandragupta.



The news of the false quarrel reached Rakshasa and Prince Malayaketu. "This is a golden opportunity for us to invade Pataliputra," they thought and they began organising their army.



Chanakya was busy forging a letter. It appeared as if the letter had been written by Rakshasa to Chandragupta. Such was the content that it would seem Rakshasa had really been employed by Chandragupta to destroy Malayaketu's plans!



Chanakya had managed to steal the Royal Seal of the Nandas which only the minister Rakshasa could use. He put the seal to the letter and sent one of his spies to the territory of Malayaketu with the letter.

As the army of Malayaketu camped near Pataliputra, the spy, carrying the forged letter pretended to slip into Pataliputra avoiding the eyes of Malayaketu's officers. By doing so, he only attracted their eyes. He was caught.



Soon Prince Malayaketu was informed about it. He rushed to the scene and was shocked at the discovery. The letter made him believe that Rakshasa is a traitor. The spy falsely implicated, in the conspiracy some princes who were really Malayaketu's friends.

Malayaketu at first confronted Rakshasa. The innocent minister pleaded ignorance of any such letter. But Malayaketu did not believe him, for his seal had been stamped on the letter! Disheartened, Rakshasa left Malayaketu's camp.



Next, Malayaketu suddenly put to death those princes who, he thought, were secretly conspiring against him. As a result, his other allies were scared. In a sudden move they took Malayaketu prisoner. In fact, these allies were Chanakya's men.

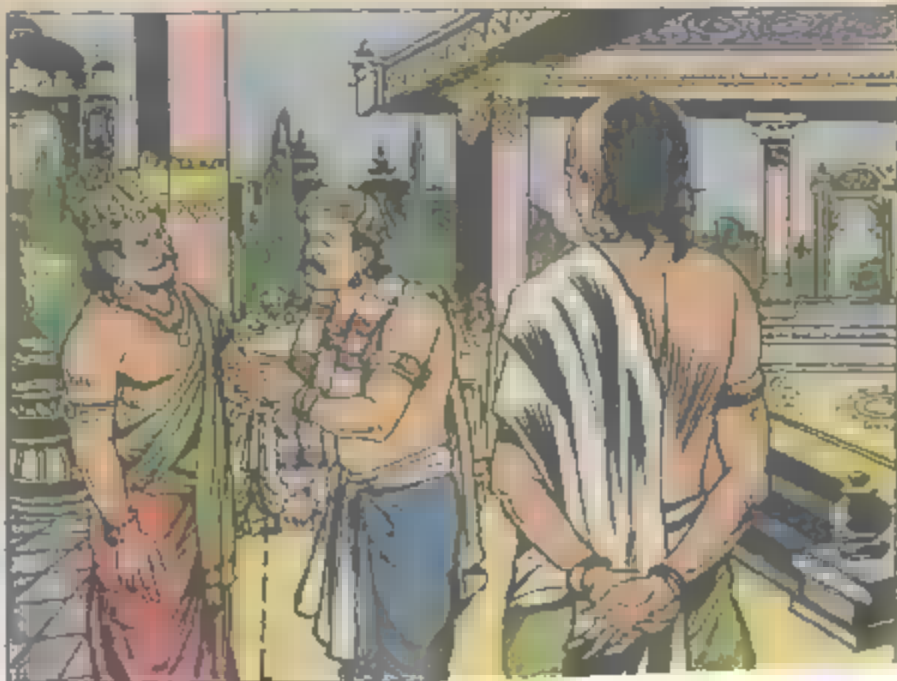
Rakshasa, a dejected man, walks towards Pataliputra. As he enters the city, he sees his friend Chandanadasa who had given shelter to his family, being led away by Chandragupta's soldiers in the direction of the execution ground.





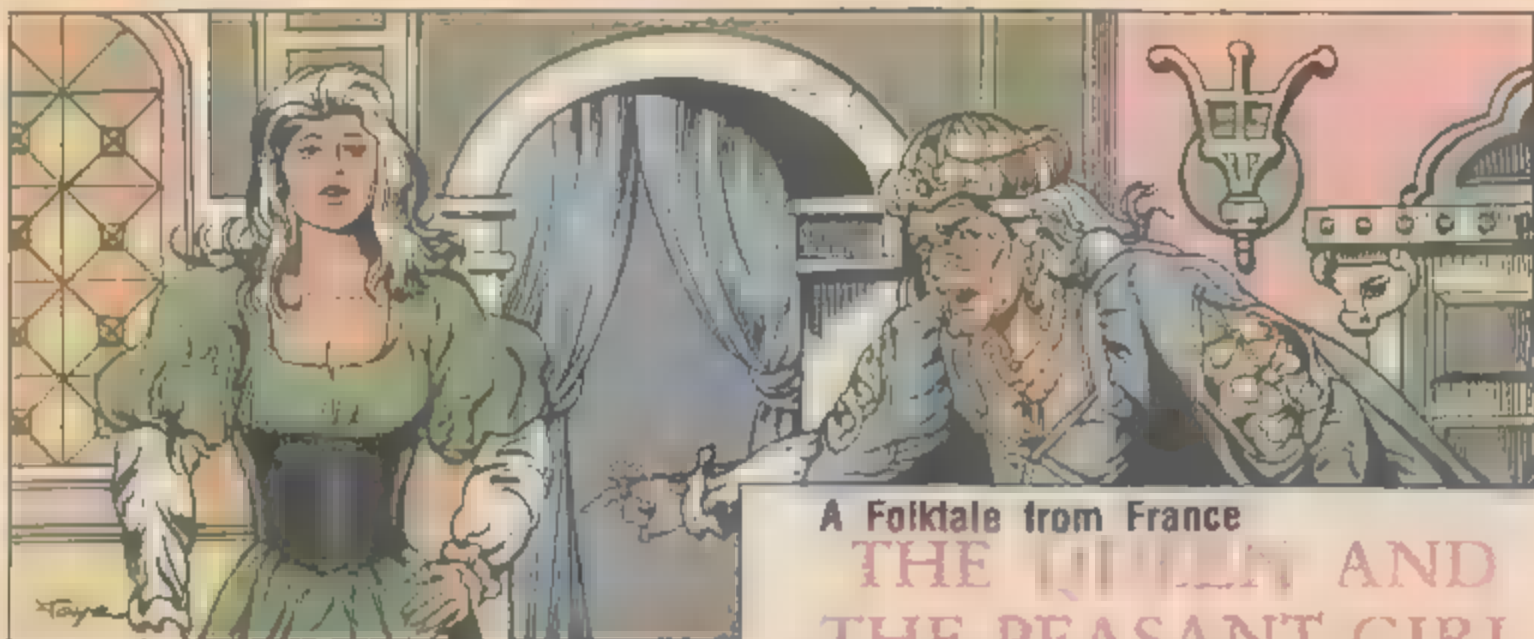
Rakshasa came running to the scene. He stopped the soldiers and asked why they had arrested Chandanadas and what they would do to him. The soldiers replied, "Because he had sheltered Rakshasa's family, he is ■ be killed."

"I'm Rakshasa. Please kill me instead of killing the kind host who saved my family!" exclaimed Rakshasa. Soon Chanakya and others appeared on the scene. "Rakshasa! You can ■ your friend only if you agree to become King Chandragupta's minister," said Chanakya.



Chanakya confessed to having forged the letter and enacted the drama of taking Chandanadas prisoner only to achieve one goal: that was to get Rakshasa's services for his king. Rakshasa was amazed. He joined Chandragupta's court. Malayaketu was set free. There was peace in Magadha.

THE END



A Folktale from France

THE QUEEN AND THE PEASANT GIRL

Long long ago, there was a kingdom in France which was ruled by a queen. She owned a large palace, encircled by gardens and orchards. There were pools of transparent cool water in the gardens, surrounded by charming figures in marble.

If the queen wanted, she could stroll in the gardens or swim in the pools. But she did nothing like that. Why? It is because she had grown old and she thought that she was no longer beautiful.

In fact, there was a time when she was the most beautiful lady in the whole country. She was so proud of her beauty that she never married because she did not find a suitably handsome young man. Now she was very sad that she had lost her charm. She did not want anybody to see

her. Even when her ministers came to receive orders from her, they stood on the other side of the screen and talked to her.

One day the queen was surprised to see a young girl, looking like an ordinary peasant girl, standing before her.

"Who are you? How dare you come here without first making an appointment with me? How did my maids fail to see you?" asked the queen.

"O noble queen, I had to wait long to get this chance. I somehow managed to avoid them. They would not have let me in; I could not have told them the purpose of my meeting you," said the girl.

"What's the purpose of your meeting me?" The queen grew impatient.

"O queen, I'm an orphan. ■

live in a hut not far from your palace. I labour hard to earn my living, but I don't get enough to eat!"

"So what?" the queen interrupted with irritation. "Do you need some alms?"

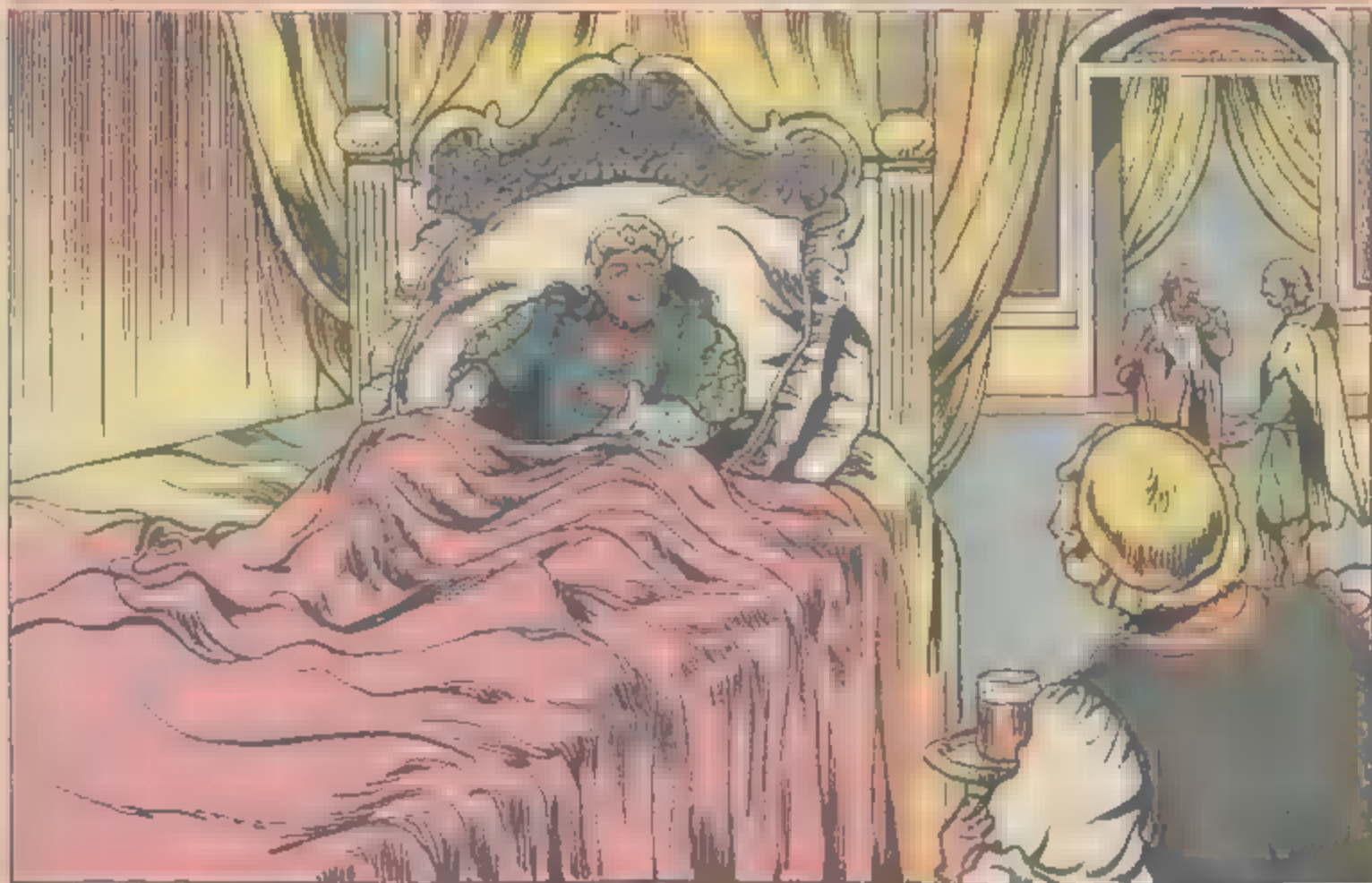
"Listen to me, my noble queen. Often I look at your palace and think how happy I would be if I were the queen! One day, all alone, I uttered my thought aloud. It so happened that a wizard heard me. He taught me a hymn and said that if I recite it while touching you, then I can enter your body and you can enter my body. I under-

stand that you are quite unhappy with your old age. If you so wish, you can enter my young body!" said the girl.

"Shut up! Do you know how beautiful I was at your age? How dare you propose that I should assume as ordinary a face as yours?" said the angry queen.

"O queen! You might have been more beautiful than I at my age. But what about now? Should I fetch your mirror for you to have a look at yourself?" asked the girl.

"I will send you to be hanged for your impertinence," the



queen shouted as she tried to sit up. The peasant girl rushed out immediately. The queen trudged up to the verandah and saw her running away like a squirrel through the gardens. Suddenly an idea came to her: "I too could run like this and enjoy myself if I had a body like hers!"

She kept looking at the fields for a long time, but the peasant girl was not to be seen. She sighed and returned to her bed.

But she came out to the verandah once again the next day. It was noon and her maids were taking rest. She saw the

peasant girl standing under a tree and looking at her. The queen smiled and signed her to come up. The girl jumped up. In a few strides she reached the palace and climbed the stairs to the queen's chamber.

"Have you changed your mind, O noble queen?" asked the girl.

"Yes, I have," said the queen.

The girl was delighted. She kept her hand on the queen's and recited the hymn she had learnt. At once the queen's spirit entered her body and her spirit entered the queen's.

The 'young' queen ran away





into the fields. She knew where the peasant girl lived. She reached the hut, but now she began to feel depressed. She had grown hungry. Inside the hut there was a dry piece of bread. She tried to eat the bread, but spat it out. It had no taste whatever.

She thought of buying some foodstuff. She went to a shop and asked for butter-cake. "Are you joking with me? Have you ever seen a butter-cake even in your dreams? Go and stand behind the palace and you are likely to get some smell of butter-cakes being baked in the royal kitchen," said the shop-

keeper.

"Shut up! Do you realise the consequence of talking like this to me? You deserve to lose your head!" shouted the queen, forgetful of the fact that she was now living in the body of a peasant girl.

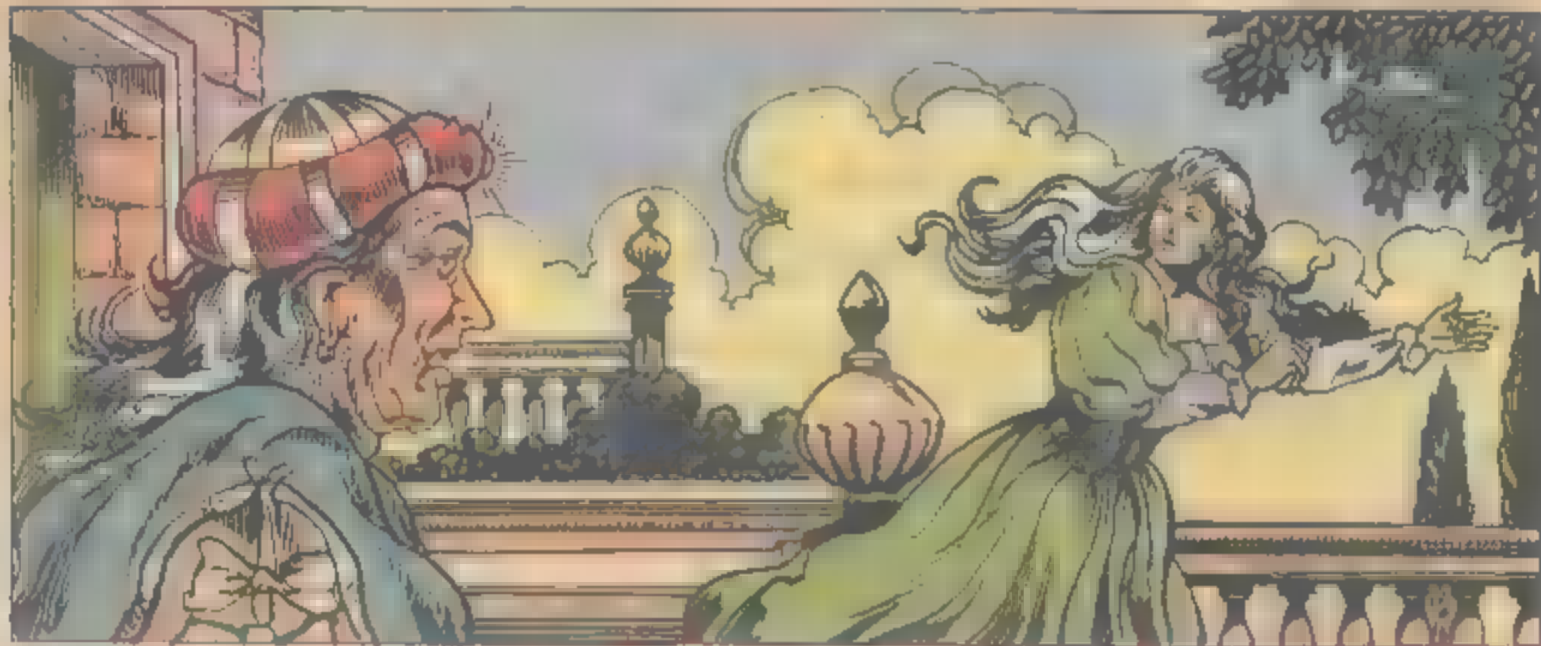
The shop-keeper and the people around looked at her with disbelief. Then one of them said, "Poor orphan girl! She has been possessed by some evil spirit. Come on, let us take hold of her. We should call an exorcist to drive the spirit away from her."

Others agreed with the suggestion. They ran to catch her. But the queen-turned peasant girl ran faster and in a minute climbed the palace stairs and had reached the queen's chamber.

There the queen-turned peasant girl saw that the peasant girl-turned queen was weeping.

"What is the matter?" asked the queen-turned peasant girl.

"O queen, pardon me. I cannot eat the delicacies brought to me. I cannot talk with anybody. Of what value are the kingdom, the palace and the royal status



to me? I forgot that I had now a frail body. I tried to run, but tumbled and fell. Please give me back my body," said the peasant girl-turned queen. They touched each other. The peasant girl-turned queen recited the hymn. Soon both be-

came what they really were—in body and spirit.

The peasant girl ran away at once. But the queen summoned her through her maids and made her her personal attendant. The peasant girl was happy to serve the queen and live well.

THE STARK BLIND

Two travellers were resting under a huge tree. One of them said, "What a large tree it is, yet how useless!"

"Useless indeed; it neither bears any edible fruit nor any fragrant flower," agreed the other.

A hermit who was passing by heard them. "You ungrateful creatures!" he shouted, "How do you forget that you are taking shelter under its shadow? The tree is not useless, but you are stark blind!"



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"Can we afford to wait?"

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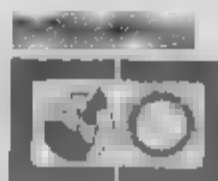
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"YOU HAVE NOT DONE ENOUGH AS LONG AS YOU ARE CAPABLE OF DOING MORE." ACT NOW.

BRUNCH IN A MOTEL!

Kusumita Nagpal of Delhi wonders how the word *motel* came to be formed.

Motel is an example of our changing life-style influencing the vocabulary. The other day a boy back from the U.S.A. was reporting to his friends how on their journey from one town to another they had their "brunch in a motel".

Both brunch and motel are known as *portmanteau* words. Perhaps you know that portmanteau is a travelling-bag that folds back flat from the middle. You put several items into it. It was the celebrated author of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, Lewis Carroll, who used the word portmanteau to mean a word into which the sense and sound of two words are packed. Motor and hotel together make the portmanteau-word motel. You are in a hurry to reach your destination—as most urban people today are. Your parking the car (the car-parks are generally full!) and entering a hotel for a leisurely meal would demand much time which you cannot spare. On the roadside crops up an institution which attends to the needs of your car as well as your stomach and also gives you facilities for a little rest. You had left your home before your breakfast could be ready or when it was too early to have breakfast. At the same time, you need to eat some food before the regular lunch time. So what you eat is a combination of breakfast and lunch—*brunch*!

We had earlier enlisted in this column a number of portmanteau words. To mention a few once again: if you come through a drizzle feeling miserable, you are drizzerable. If you have enjoyed a free ride, you have got a fride. If one has a good heart and also a sense of art, he is heartistic!

Saswat Kumar Jena of Cuttack would like to know what *Rebus* means.

It is an enigmatical representation of word or name by pictures representing parts of the word. You find them in a coat of arms.



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LET US KNOW

What does the basic structure of the Constitution mean?

—A. A. Gavai,
Nagpur.

The Constitution of any country lays down, at the beginning, certain basic ideals on which the administration of the country will run. The Preamble of the Constitution of India makes it clear that this country is a Sovereign, Socialist, Secular Democratic Republic. The Constitution aspires to secure to all citizens justice, social, economic and political liberty, freedom of thought, expression, belief, faith and worship, equality of status and opportunity and fraternity assuring the dignity of the individual and the unity and the integrity of the nation.

If you wish to know what is literally meant by 'structure' in regard to our Constitution, it is this: India, that is Bharat, shall be a Union of States with specific territories.

Who invented the bicycle and when?

—M.V. Rajesh Prabhu,
Bangalore.

The bicycle was invented by Kirkpatrick Macmillan, a blacksmith of Courthill, Dumfries, (Scotland) in 1839. It had a wooden frame. The wheels were made of iron. His was an adventure in ideas! The first regular manufacture of bicycle began in Paris in 1861-1862.

Who was the first to operate upon human body?

—Kartik Kumar,
Ahmedabad.

The primitive man must have begun it, for instance, to take out any nail-like stuff that might have pierced the flesh and if it did not come out through a simple pulling. But, according to the available evidence, the first great surgeon to operate in a scientific way was Sushruta of India, belonging to 4th Century B.C.

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PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



P.S. Rajagopal



A.V. Rangaiah

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for April '88 goes to :—

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PICKS FROM THE WISE

Man is a piece of the universe made alive.

—Emerson

Men, in general, are but great children.

—Napoleon

Man is the measure of all things.

—Pythagoras



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no political fortunes, yet...

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